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THE

ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

AND OTHER SKETCHES, FRAGMENTS

AND DRAWINGS

THE ILLUSTRATIONS PRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY
MACLURE AND MACDONALD, FINE ART PRINTERS, 97 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON

THE LETTERPRESS PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON

Copied by M.r Thackeray. From a drawing by D. Maclise about 1840.

THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

AND OTHER SKETCHES, FRAGMENTS AND DRAWINGS

109538

BY

WILLIAM · MAKEPEACE · THACKERAY

WITH SOME NOTES BY

ANNE · ISABELLA · THACKERAY

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1876

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PREFACE.

MY FATHER'S own handwriting tells the story of many of the drawings contained in this book. Very few words need be added in explanation of the reasons which have made us wish to publish it. Most of the Sketches and Fragments here given are drawings which remained in his own home, but some others have been lent to us by friends. Mr. Swaine, through whose hands so many of the published Sketches have passed, kept many of those which were afterwards engraved for my Father's books. The pictures were rarely preserved by himself, nor put away by us with any care. The familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded by us; and among the many drawings that he devised only a certain number remain in our possession. In all my remembrance he never had one of his own drawings framed, and when I was a child I remember a great scrap-book which was given me to play with and to work my will upon. I can only once remember a questioning word from him concerning some scissor-points with which I had ornamented some of his Sketches. In later years, by his desire, I have washed off the drawings from many and many a wood-block;

and I remember once destroying his whole day's work in my anxiety to be of use. But although he certainly never wished us to make much of his work, all that belonged to it and to his art was of vivid and serious reality to him, and of unfailing interest and suggestion. When a book was published not long ago, and called by his name, we regretted that it should be thought to give a fair example of his feeling for art, and it seemed to us that it might be well to publish some of the later drawings which more adequately represent his gift, and are more genuinely himself than the slight caricatures and imitations of his early school and college days.

Those who knew my Father will, we think, like to associate these broken bits and fragments with the store to which they belong; and those who have come after him, and who have known him best by his work, will perhaps also welcome these additional pages.

The Sketches as they are given here are scarcely to be counted work. The hours which he spent upon his drawing-blocks and Sketch-books brought no fatigue or weariness; they were of endless interest and amusement to him, and rested him when he was tired.

It was only when he came to etch upon steel or to draw for the engraver upon wood that he complained of effort and want

of ease; and we used often to wish that his drawings could be given as they were first made, without the various transmigrations of wood and steel, and engravers' toil and printers' ink. Once or twice experiments were tried, but they never came to anything. It has been a real personal interest to us to find how well some of his Sketches can now be rendered, although in all reproductions some of that vague personal charm must be wanting which belongs to all genuine work.

A. I. T.

LONDON: *November* 20, 1875.

CONTENTS.

THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

GOLD PEN

THE GOOD KING

BESS THE QUEEN

PRINCE POLONIO'S ADVENTURES

THE CAIQUE

AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE NOTES OF A DAY OR TWO

PRIZE DRAMATISTS

OTHELLO

SOME CHILDREN AT PLAY

A LECTURE

INITIAL LETTERS, No. 1

INITIAL LETTERS, No. 2

L FOR LUNCHEON

REV. L. STERNE, &c.

TIME

A PRESENTATION AT COURT

DE JUVENTUTE. ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

FADED PAGES

CORNHILL TO CAIRO

THE MESMERIZER

VANITY FAIR

SIR PITT CRAWLEY

MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN

BARBAZURE

AUTHORS' MISERIES

HO, PRETTY PAGE!

THE ROSE AND THE RING

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

NOTE-BOOK

BREAKFAST-TIME

HOME KEEPERS AND VAGRANTS

BERNE

AMERICAN SKETCHES

MR. JONES'S WASHING

CITY! CITY!

PLAYING-CARDS

CLUBS AND CROZIERS

SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, MISS SMITH, &c.

LIST, LIST, O LIST!

LA RAISON DU PLUS FORT

CONCLUSION

THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO

THE ORPHAN of PIMLICO

MISS WIGGLESWORTH'S Moral Tale was begun at Kensington one evening by lamplight. Her specimen-pages were put together vaguely at first; the Moral Preface was written afterwards, and the Title-page last of all. One page of the specimen is unfortunately missing, that upon which the Earl wrote the impassioned verses which Rigolette so basely gave up to the wicked Couleuvre. Perhaps the Countess destroyed them. Perhaps they were all the more impressive from the fact that they consisted of *tags* only. There was a picture of the unfortunate Earl in his dressing-gown, sitting at a desk in the agonies of composition. Upstairs, in an elegantly furnished drawing-room, the sarcastic Mordant was paying his deadly compliments to the frivolous Countess.

Specimen-Extracts from the New Novel

The Orphan of PIMLICO

a Moral Tale of Belgravian Life

by

Miss. M.T. Wigglesworth

many years Governess in the Nobility's families, and authoress of 'Posies of Poesy' 'Thoughts on the Use of the Globes' &c.

LONDON. 1851

Prologue to the
'Heiress of Pimlico.'

Those who only view our nobility in their splendid equipages & gorgeous opera boxes, who fancy that their life is a routine of pleasure, & that the rose leaf of luxury has no thorns, are, alas, woefully mistaken! Care oppresses the coronetted brow, and there is a skeleton in the most elegant houses of May Fair! The authoress has visited many of them and been on terms of familiarity (she is so humbly proud to say) with more than one patrician family!

The knowledge of the above truths, and the idea that to disseminate them amongst my countrymen might be productive of a deep and lasting benefit, has determined me (with the advice of friends) to publish my tale of 'The Heiress of Pimlico.' The present is the more prologue to that absorbing and harrowing story, wherein the consequences of crime and the beneficial effects of virtue, the manners of the nobility, the best Church principles, and the purest morality are portrayed.

I have engaged an Artist at considerable expence to illustrate the first part of this momentous tale, and if I receive encouragement (which I do not doubt) shall hasten to deliver THE TALE to the public.

The Revd. Mr. Oriel, The Revd. Mr. Thurifer and other revered clergy of the district have kindly consented to give their testimony of their high names to the character of the readers obliged Servant

Maria Theresa Wigglesworth

For many years Governess in families of the highest distinction
17 North Motcomb St. Belgrave Sq.

Miss Wigglesworth (from a Sketch by herself)

In the year 18— a humble but pious governess of as strict satisfactory Church of England principles (being the daughter of the Revd. Clement Wigglesworth of Clapham Chapel of Ease) instructed two young ladies by name Arabella and Emmeline.

The lady Arabella Muggleton was daughter of the Earl of Framlington; and her cousin Emmeline was only child of Admiral the Honble Hugh Fitzmarlin Spike brother of the Earl of that name.

The Admiral commanded in the Mediterranean whither his charming but volatile daughter Emmeline went to join her Papa.

It was at Malta on board the Admirals Flag Ship 'The Rumbustical' that Emmeline for the first time saw Henry 25th Earl of Lancelot, to whom she was united only 3 days before the news arrived at Valetta of the death of the Admirals Elder brother the 2nd Earl of Fitzmarlinspike.

Our young couple passed several years abroad & as it was not until their daughter Emmeline was more than two years old that they returned to London where his Lordship occupied a house no 76 Chesham Place Belgrave Square.

The cousins, my former pupils, hastened to each others' arms; and Arabella now an orphan, came to dwell with her relative the amiable Countess of Lancelot.

Among the Earls acquaintances I grieve to state that there was a gentleman whom I shall call Mordant, and who speedily became an assiduous frequenter of the mansion in Chesham place.

In vain I pointed out, in my visits to my noble pupil, the danger likely to result from the society of this ill-regulated young man. It was not because in his vulgar insolence and odious contempt of the poor, (as I heard through the keyhole open door called me a toothless old she dragon and 'a twaddling old catamaran' - that I disliked him, but from his general laxity and daring licence of language. That my dislike was not founded this melancholy tale will too well shew.

Lady Arabella looked down at the little Lady Emmeline with a glance of unutterable affection.
Is she not late married the lovely but frivolous Countess
Arabella thought with a sigh. How like the eternal is to herself!
Poor Arabella!

"The Heiress of Pimlico.
Vol II.

The good old Admiral now Earl of Fitzmaritimspike had "braved the battle and the breeze" for many years on every sea. He wore the collar and Grand Cross of his own order and the French Orders & came into the saloon shortly after ten o'clock

The Heiress of Pimlico.

the Countess
Mordaunt looked after her with a glance in which rage love hatred contempt demoniac talent and withering scorn were blended. 'She has refused me,' he said, and she thinks she has escaped me! She has insulted me and she imagines I will not be revenged!'

The young Earl retired into the balcony unable to control his emotions in the Salon. 'Cruel Mary!' said he (apostrophizing those luminaries, whose mild effulgence twinkled in the serene azure and lit up Chesham Place and Belgrave Square,) 'why why did I marry the Countess so early, and know Lady Arabella so late?

'A letter for Miladi Arabelle!' cried Rigolette and sealed with a couronne de Comte! Ah mon Dieu, what would I not give to have such a distinguished Correspondence!'

'I will give you a dinner at Richmond, a box at the French Comedy and the Cattle Show should you admire so much for that letter Miss Rigolette,' said Coulevaze

Mr. Mordaunt's man, who was taking tea in the housekeeper's room

Lancelot a model man! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! laughed Mordaunt with a demoniacal sneer. "This will show you the mortality of my lord Lancelot" And with this Mordaunt hasted to the countess the Earls impassioned & elegant verses to Arabella.

At the moment the unprincipled young man was speaking Lord Lancelot entered at the portière. Having overheard their conversation the agonized Earl retreated so silently that neither the heedless "Ladye" nor her false companion were aware that they had had a listener.

With all his vices Mordaunt was not a coward. And when the next morning Captain Ragg waited upon Mr. Mordaunt with a message from the Earl of Lancelot, Mordaunt's reply was "Tell the Earl to make his will." a message wh. the Captain promised to convey to his lordship.

It was five o'clock and the Earl who had passed the night in writing stole on tiptoe to the chamber of his child. Emmeline was sleeping the rosy sleep of innocence - smiling in her sleep! Bless her bless her my Emmeline exclaimed his lordship and printed a kiss on the cheek of his darling!

Captain Ragg's Brougham was heard at that instant to drive to the door.

The Earl and his companion now drove to Wimbledon Common, where faithful to his diabolical appointment Mordant was already in waiting, accompanied by his friend Lieutenant Fahrigh.

The two Broughams pulled up together: How often had they done so before at the parties of the nobility and gentry! The gentlemen were quickly placed by their seconds, and the word signal was given! Crack Crack! Two pistols sounded simultaneously &

at the exact instant a ball had gone through Mordants' heart (a new one) and he looked offwards him & laughed a hellish laugh! -

'Through his left eye! exclaimed the fiend in human shape 'I aimed for it, and his beauty will not soon be spoiled -' Famish and I went to the Continent. Well well, a day soon or late, what matters? My debts to? have driven me away in a week. Come away Famish.

During the fatal rencontre a third carriage had driven up from town. Two veteran descended. One was a famous General known in our Eastern & Peninsular wars, the other was the Countess's father Admiral the Earl of Fitz Hearnesfitz GCB.

Stop! said the Admiral. The husband is dead but the father is alive and demands vengeance! - Mordant turned pale.

Again the dreadful signal to fire was given, and the intrepid Martinspike delivered his shot at the instant
Mordaunt fainted went off as it fell to the ground
as it fell to the ground and as he sprang his feet into the air with the admiral's ball through his wicked and unmerciful heart! –

Gentle! the end of our afflicting prologue is quickly told. The body of Lord Lancelot was laid at Castle Guinevere; that of the fiendish Mordaunt carried back to his apartments in the Albany, of wch the bailiff had already taken possession. The Fitzmartinspike family 'tis known prefer the ancient faith. In the Convent at Taunton is a lady, who has doffed the Countess's coronet for the black veil & white cap of the nun: among the bare-footed friars at Paddleswood, is one who is old and grey bearded, and has a wooden leg. But few know that old brother Barnabas is Fitzmartinspike's Earl. Rigolette and Cora: Louvre, the domestics whose betrayal caused all this tragedy fled, and were apprehended with the spoons. Messieurs Famish and Ragg are both in the Bench; and the General who acted as Lord Fitzmartinspike's second is now an altered man. And Arabella? the lovely & innocent? how, how is Arabella? Who can tell how much she suffered, how bitterly she wept? She of course never married She was appointed guardian to the little Lady Emmeline; who is now 18 years of age: has ninety six thousand a year: is as lovely as an angel, and called THE HEIRESS OF PIMLICO.

GOLD PEN

GOLD PEN

(COPIED FROM MISS PERRY'S BOOK)

I AM my Master's faithful, old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord! how your pretty pages I'd amaze! . . . .

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times. . . .

. . . . Day after day, still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labour's to be done,
As sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

. . . . Album, my Master bids me wish good-bye;
He'll send you to your Mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you,
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew,
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by:
Stranger, I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

Messrs Highlows and Hobson walk in the Park, and agree in their own minds that nothing is so unbecoming as the present stiff hat,

After 5 years of constant use

My dear Sir - You must think there has been

My dear friends. You

Do you remember the last

My dear

My dear Mr. S

Dear

My dear

My dear Sir

I fear there has been some mistake relative to the box of monkeys.

After five years

Now the few

After five years.

After 5 years of constant use during wh I have made many hundred drawings with this pen it is now almost as serviceable as on the first day.

THE GOOD KING

THE GOOD KING

WITH the advent of the faithful Gold Pen the drawings multiplied. They were of all kinds, serious and funny, diversified, slight sketches, and finished illustrations. Almost all the pages of interwoven pictorial and written matter belong to these years—the last before we left Young Street and the first that we lived in Onslow Square. My Father would sit at his desk, thinking over his work, and drawing and devising upon the paper. He one day showed us the drawing of King Alfred toasting his cakes. The hut is dark with shadow; the King sits by the burning embers, thoughtful and with a mind far away; the flame flickers, the smoke drifts, the cake smoulders; and the angry Herdsman's Wife is coming in from without.

They set king Alfred down to bake
The good king burned the peasants' cake.
His thoughts were for his country's fate
How could he heed a muffin-cake?
A man who has a crown at stake
A sorry cook ~~he~~ nothing will make.
So good, so pure, so brave so free
Like him the world has shown us few:
So gloriously ~~good~~ just and great,
In adverse and in prosperous fate.
But many a man our Isle supplies
That's neither good nor just nor wise
Forgets his house and home, to fix
His muddled head on politics
And for a phantom sets aside
The business of his own fireside.

The angry housewife 'gan to shriek
She struck the king upon the cheek.
The king was wise and good and meek
He took the blow and did not speak.
A harder blow than her's I trow
The king could ~~take~~ bear from anger.
~~nothing~~ show.

BESS THE QUEEN

BESS THE QUEEN

THERE was some talk of a Christmas-book of historical verses and drawings; but King Alfred was the first and Queen Elizabeth the last of the series. Both designs were done upon the same block of drawing-paper, and then, when the page was turned, the Gold Pen changed its key, and began to tell Fairy Tales and to sing new songs with its golden beak.

A Falconer's boy behold am I
I think my falcons would not fly.

The Maids appeared in some such dress
About the time of good Queen Bess.
And every morning in the year
They breakfasted on beef and beer.
You'd think their ways and diet queer
My pretty Mayfair damsels dear!

And so accoutred, Bess the Queen
Old rouged and hideous might be seen.
And after dinner making sport
And dancing to amuse the Court.
Old rouged and hideous as she was
The Courtiers gave the Queen applause
And howsoever old and ill
Herself she fancied charming still.
Come young philosophers, confess
Is no one vain besides old Bess?
And flatterers and knaves I guess
Have found King Hudson since Queen Bess.

PRINCE POLONIO'S ADVENTURES

PRINCE POLONIO'S ADVENTURES

THIS Chapter formed part of the Fairy Tale, in which a young Prince and his Tutor set off on their grand tour. In the first page (which has drifted away into some unknown space) the Travellers come upon a mysterious personage, called the Little Assessor of Tübingen, lying asleep under a tree, with blue facings to his coat. My Father would never explain who the Little Assessor was, or what he was doing. He said it was a mystery. The only clue we possess to the Assessor's character is to be found in a sketch immediately following this one, which was drawn when we were abroad that same year. The Little Assessor may be seen riding on a donkey, and absorbed in a book, with what alarming consequences will be seen upon turning the page.

When Poor Polonius awoke the next morning he found a brand new suit of clothes by his bed side embroidered with gold, and the Valet who waited on him said he was to have a new suit every day. Polonius loved new clothes, and put these on & waited upon the fairy at breakfast, where he chose red herrings and a muffin and apricot jam afterwards with butter to his bread.

Then she asked him if he would like to see the house? and he jumped up delighted and walked with her. This queer old woman was so crooked that she was taller sitting down than standing up She squinted so that she could see better behind her than before her She whacked along on her crutch so that she made Polonius fast for breath and when ever he stopped to look at anything pretty She beckoned him on and said

Come on dear little Polonyponyo - There are much prettier rooms further on. So that he was quite tired when he got into the garden, where he found Tickletobio also

grinning like a Cheshire Cat, and dressed out in a new gown and hat too

"Everybody has a new dress, says the Fairy, every day here. Everybody has everything they like for dinner. Everybody has a horse to ride or a coach if it rains. We play at cards whenever we like. We go out to hunt and always find foxes. We go out to shoot and always kill twenty brace a piece. We eat two luncheons besides tea before dinner and supper afterwards. We have a fairy billiard table at which everybody wins, and at whist every body has four by honours and all the rest trumps to court cards. We're all so happy

So when the old fairy let him go Polonius went out shooting with a fairy gun and found a hare a partridge and a pheasant at every shot

THE CAIQUE

THE CAIQUE

'THE CAIQUE' is published in the Book of Ballads, and is one of 'Love's Songs made Easy.' The picture is also engraved, but any one who chooses to compare the drawing and the engraving will see the difference between the two. The drawing itself, which belongs to Mr. Walter Creyke, is better than the copy, which had to be made under certain disadvantages of time and weather. I am not acquainted with the Language of Flowers, but I have no doubt there is a Turkish meaning to the elegant bouquet.

Yonder, to the Kiosque beside the creek,
Paddle the swift Caique,
Thou brawny oarsman with the sunburnt cheek!
My Soul is full of love and would hear the Bulbul speak!

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores
Swift bending to your oars
Beneath the melancholy Sycamores
Hark! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bird outpours!

Behold the boughs seem quivering with delight
The stars themselves more bright
As mid the waving branches, out of sight,
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still
I could not have my fill:
"How comes" I said, "such music to his bill?
"Tell me, for whom he sings so beautiful a trill?

Once "I was dumb (thus did the Bird disclose)
But looked upon the Rose
And in the garden where the loved one grows
"I straight way did begin sweet Music to compose."

O bird of Song! There's one in this Caique
The Rose would also seek;
So he might learn like you to sing and speak.'
Then answered me the Bird of dusky beak
The Rose the Rose of Love dwells upon Leila's cheek!

AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

STUDENTS of history may perhaps find a clue to this thrilling chapter of the past. No wonder the ladies' damask robes are opening round eyes and stretching long ears. There is a portrait now hanging up on the ancient walls of Hatfield which seems mysteriously connected with this romantic scene.

From Alexandre Dumas's Romance in 40 Volumes. La jeunesse d'Elizabeth.

Master Gregson retired carrying off the remains of the appetizing whitebaits, but leaving on the table a pot of porter, and a flask of Canary.

What Englishman ever dined without his porter?

As for the Canary, it was commanded to the intention of the lady.

She was of ravishing beauty, though no longer of the first youth. She had red hair like all the English. She was 50 years of age.

Eh! I who speak to you was born in 1803. The fact is historical.

If it were not before, I have made it do.

I have mentioned it ninety eight - no ninety nine times.

Once in Antony.

Once in Henri III et sa Cour.

Twice in the Tour de Nesle vol. I wrote in conjunction with my friend Potron.

(Seven pages follow of the mention of times he has mentioned his age.)

I say this for I forget nothing; and I repeat nothing.

A man or woman at 55 is at the golden harvest time of life.

The lady sat in her bower. The host was at her feet. The fairest scene of all England was stretched around. Greenwich like the coronation manor of England - St Paul's with its dome - the Tower of London. The Monument on Fish Street Hill. Canterbury with its laughing hills - beyond the mournful moors of Scotland.

"You know my name," said William Wallace, "but I don't know yours."

She stooped down and kissed him on his monumental forehead.

Call me Betsy, she said.

THE NOTES OF A DAY OR TWO

THE NOTES OF A DAY OR TWO

MUST have been the notes of a very short little journey my Father took alone one year. The Church was a Church in Calais; for which old place he had a special liking.

July 14 - at Church (I am sorry to say)
where the gentleman in the blue light paletot set a notable example of piety. He stood bolt forward in the midst of the congregation and read the service at arm's length with his double eye-glass.

There came in an old Frenchwoman who made for the Holy water at once and seemed quite astounded at finding none: and a Frenchman who sate down with great gravity and listened through the ceremonies of the Rite Anglican

I could not help fancying that the figure of the lady in the bonnet was like Miss Smythies - don't you think it is?

From the state of his boots and trousers I very much fear my friend with the double eye glass must have seen better days.

Yet why fear? To brag of former prosperity is no small consolation to an easy-going fellow in misfortune.

This Frenchman whom I saw but twice at the Marine Rendezvous called the Etablissement, is he a Corsair come home for the holy days? is he a Captain of African Spahis, or is he merely a shopman from Paris? at all events he is more picturesque than the following individual

whom whose country I think there can be no mistake, and who dines at our table d'hôte.

I like him for keeping up one almost obsolete custom and eating peas with her knife.

I looked at him steadily during the business. He did not wince, neither did he make any bravado. I am sure that is a courageous and simple minded Briton

---

The fable is not quite told but the moral is that when a coarse looking woman of 50 years of age has a pretty daughter of 17 who promises one day to be like charming & elegant

[illegible] the appearance of the Miss Wrigleys in the Park

[illegible] had better keep out of the way until her daughter is married and send her to Paris with some [illegible] Chaperon - This I could not help observing [illegible]

A Westminster boy had a [illegible] carpet bag not to be carefully touched and out of which when the guard was not looking, a terrier barked

PRIZE DRAMATISTS

PRIZE DRAMATISTS

THIS scene speaks for itself. It seems to be a sample scarcely exaggerated from one of the plays which were in vogue when our Grandfathers were the playgoers and the British stage was in that palmy era of which we hear so much.

The little drawing below needs no date, and concerns a certain generous performance that will perhaps never go out of fashion.

Sir Harry Sparkle. Mr Cowitch. Tom Shoulderstrap with a song
Mr Shosby

Scene an elegant apartment in the Albany

Sir Harry. Why have I my opera cloak on sirrah? because it's cold hee hee. Do you suppose young fellows can be out all night and not feel the air?. Why have I my Opera hat? because I am going to Almacks you villain! Why am I going to Almacks? because the lovely Letitia will be there and the charming Countess and the brilliant Belinda & the adorable Arabella O most inquisitive of valets!

Tom. Faith Sir Harry I think there ought to be a Servants hall at Almacks and while you young men of fashion are dancing with the misstresses the gentlemens gentlemen of fashion might have a little familly with the maids

Fal lal lal la (dances here)

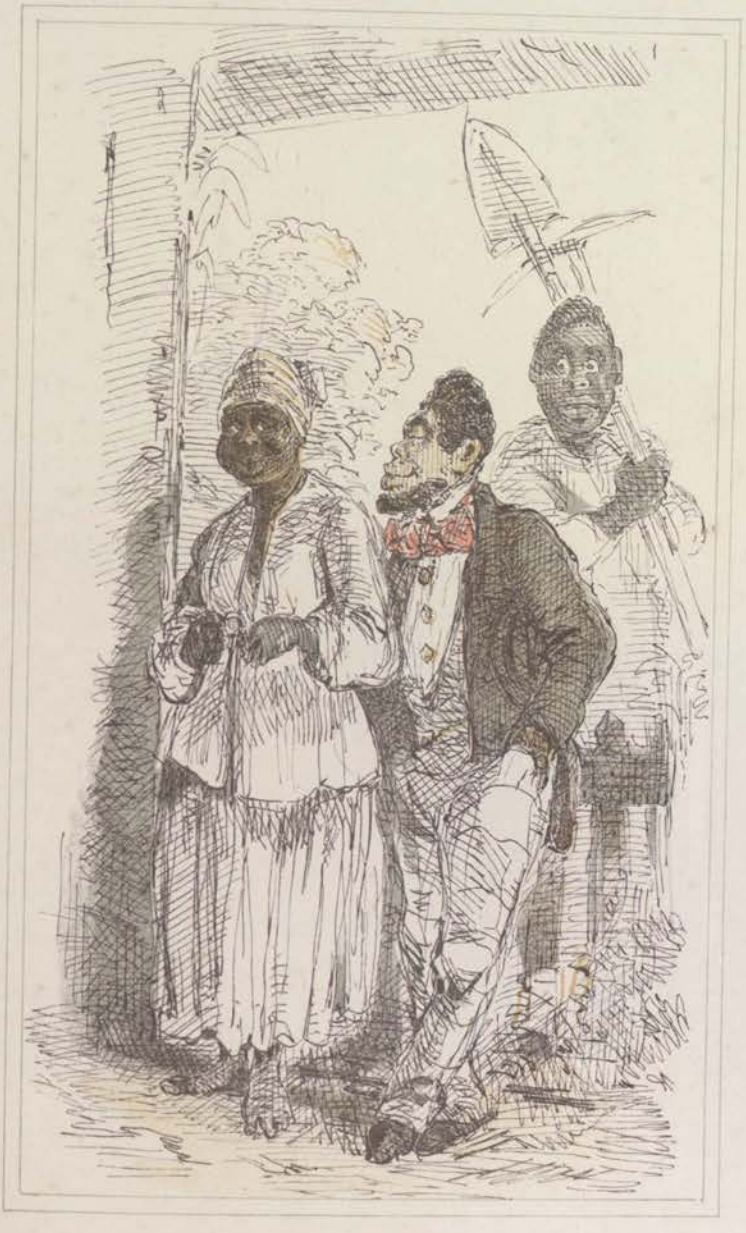
I suppose you will not be home till . . .

Sir Harry. Silence your rogue! What business have you to suppose anything? (laughing) Egad! You may suppose anything and it shall be half wicked enough for Sir Harry Sparkle! (runs out)

OTHELLO

OTHELLO

MY Father called the drawing Othello. Cassio is curiously like Dandy Jim of South Carolina. I have an impression that the picture was drawn at Charleston. In one of his American letters he writes to his mother:—'I go to Richmond to-morrow morning and afterwards to Charleston, and then I don't know quite whither. The time here has been very pleasant—our Minister the hospitablest of men. The great folks very civil. I dined with the President on Thursday, and yesterday he and the President Elect came arm-in-arm to my lecture.'



SOME CHILDREN AT PLAY

SOME CHILDREN AT PLAY

'THE smoke is horrid to those accustomed to the pure London air; it spreads and spreads for miles. There are kilns and factory chimneys everywhere, and all the landscape is blackened with Indian ink.' So my Father wrote of Glasgow, and when he came home he brought this desolate drawing with him. Of little children playing in the dreary street; of babies paddling in the gutter; of tall dilapidated houses and chimneys smoking under overhanging clouds. The child-bully (what a little Scotch bully it is!) is tearing away an orange from its rightful owner, who, ragged, shock-headed, wildly clutches at his treasure. In the distance a funeral car is turning down a side street; the mother and the children are gazing at the sight. My Father must have seen it all as he passed along. You feel the whole atmosphere of the scene stamped with dismal vividness upon his mind, perhaps all the more vividly because he was so fond of sunshine and of children.

MAC DUFF

A LECTURE

A LECTURE

Miss Perry has given me the following note from my Father.

MADAM,—With the deepest grief I take my new scissors, and cut out of my paper at breakfast the following awful SMASHER for yours truly.

In the 'West of Scotland Review' for this month there is an article on Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on the Four Georges, in which the writer says :—

He takes no note of the virtuous, the industrious, the honest, the upright; he seizes only the vicious, the dishonest, the vile, and turns his attention to none else. He drags out the pimp, the prostitute, the thief, and parades them in Bow Street before a brilliant audience. All that is good, great, noble, and virtuous is scoffed at, &c. &c.

I am picked up again, however, wiped clean, and set on my feet by the Bradford Paper.

. . . . Of course the Lecturer's audience laughed; but it was a laugh without malice—nay, as full of sympathy as of mirthfulness. Here let us decidedly say Mr. Thackeray is no cynic, if indeed a cynic is a man who scorns and misinterprets goodness, who exaggerates foibles into vices, and in every doubtful question of character insists upon the darker solution.

'The Lecturer's humour convulsed the Audience with Laughter. Mr Thackeray's manner of reading 'How doth the little Busy Bee' was highly impressive; and his vivid yet delicate description of the Author of 'Robinson Crusoe' in the Pillory, drew tears from every eye. Among the Company present we remarked Mess.rs Mc Huggie Mc Daggie Mc Graggie. Rev.d Mess.rs Mc Minn & Mc Hee Mr Col. Mc Gaspie (of Glenbogie) Miss Mc Craw, in a word all the Notabilities of our town.'

Kildrummle Warder.

INITIAL LETTERS. No. 1.

INITIAL LETTERS. No. 1

THESE Vignettes are designs for Initial Letters. They are done in pencil, tinted with Indian ink. The Nymph gazes pensively into the marginal waters of the stream. The Indian kneels, worshipping the beautiful white-faced Spirit. Elizabeth Regina trips across the knightly Raleigh's velvet bridge; the banners float gaily, proclaiming Eliza queen; the wise Counsellors nod their ruffled heads. I think it is Gumbo who is recounting his exploits to the admiring Servants' Hall. There is a larger picture, not unlike this one, in the 'Virginians.'

N

INITIAL LETTERS. No. 2.

INITIAL LETTERS. No. 2

ONE or two of these letter-pieces will be recognised; they are some of those that Mr. Swaine had kept. Here is an Angelus from a nursery; Robinson Crusoe with his umbrella; the little Marquis again in trouble, and again seeking sympathy from his pretty little faithful Confidante. And is this Hagar peeping in at Sarah's comfortable gable windows? The T is a very nice little subject, and the young couple are evidently eloping upon that prancing Arab with the wooden legs.

Make a good

L FOR LUNCHEON

L FOR LUNCHEON

HERE is L for Luncheon, and W for Wedding. The dear little Marquis is carefully practising his Steps to the Dancing-Master's measure. F is a little domestic scene, which has been repeated in 'Our Street.' Is it considered domestic, or the contrary, to go to sleep after dinner?

REV. L. STERNE &c.

REV L. STERNE, &c.

IS not this Yorick in his days of prosperity? Is this a bad man begging his bread?

Is this Clive kneeling by his good old father's bedside? The little pen-and-ink sketches have each a word of explanation in my Father's writing.

Medicate 2 drops to the bow

TIME

TIME

MR. SMITH told me a little story the other day about one of the drawings on this page. The 'Cornhill' rises once a month with its yellow rays streaming from the bookstalls; but long before this revolving sun appears the particles of which it is composed are fusing, and igniting, and melting down, and printers and engravers are at work preparing for its dawn. One day Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the planet, wrote to my Father, and asked him to send his drawings in by a certain date, before the arrival of the MS., so as to give the engravers more time to complete their part of the work. There was no answer to the note; but somewhat before the day came a wood-block with a drawing upon it. It was the sketch of an Editor holding Time by the forelock, and it was addressed to the writer of the note.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

A PRESENTATION AT COURT

A PRESENTATION AT COURT

MY Father has sometimes said that every young man with anything in him generally begins by copying some one else, and that as time goes on he finds out his own gift and his own secret, and becomes what Nature intended him to be. In my Father's school-days he himself copied the fashion of the time, the stage characters then so popular, the somewhat broad jokes and quirks of a more facetious generation than this. His great ease and facility did not prevent him from taking pains always. My Grandmother used to say that even when he was quite a little fellow, busy over his battles and bravos and duels, he always showed the greatest care and anxiety that the costume should be correct and in keeping. When he thought to make Art his business (so some one who remembers him then has told me), he went from Weimar (where the old man with the brilliant black eyes approved of his pictures) to Paris, and there studied under Bonington, who was the ruling fashion then. He gave up painting when he took to journalism, and from this time disengaged himself for any French schools, and betook himself to such etchings and illustrations as we are now collecting. Those belonging to the Paris Sketch-book and the Irish Sketch-book, and the early drawings in 'Vanity Fair,' are different in execution from his later etchings. This picture of General Tom Thumb must, I think, have been done about the same time as the drawings for the Paris Sketch-book.

DE JUVENTUTE

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

DE JUVENTUTE. ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

O SCOTTISH Chiefs, didn't we weep over you! O mysteries of Udolpho, didn't I and Briggs (minor) draw pictures out of you! Efforts feeble indeed, but still giving pleasure to us and our friends. 'I say, old boy, draw us Vivaldi tortured in the Inquisition; or draw us Don Quixote and the windmills, you know,' amateurs would say to boys who had a love of drawing.

This battle scene belongs to the Scottish Chief days, and is almost the only drawing of that time here reproduced. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald has kept a whole volume full of his old friend's youthful fancies and droll figures. One year (so my Grandmother told me) my Father came home drawing only in flourishes, and covering sheets with wildest caricature. Sir James Carmichael sent us an old book only the other day, with sketch upon sketch, battle-pieces, family pieces, illustrated historic ballads, all done when my Father was a very young man.

FADED PAGES

FADED PAGES

FROM a faded old pencilled page. One of the drawings is engraved in the Irish Sketch-book.

Killarney Race Course.
playing a game at cards for half a Sovereign

The Thimble rigger

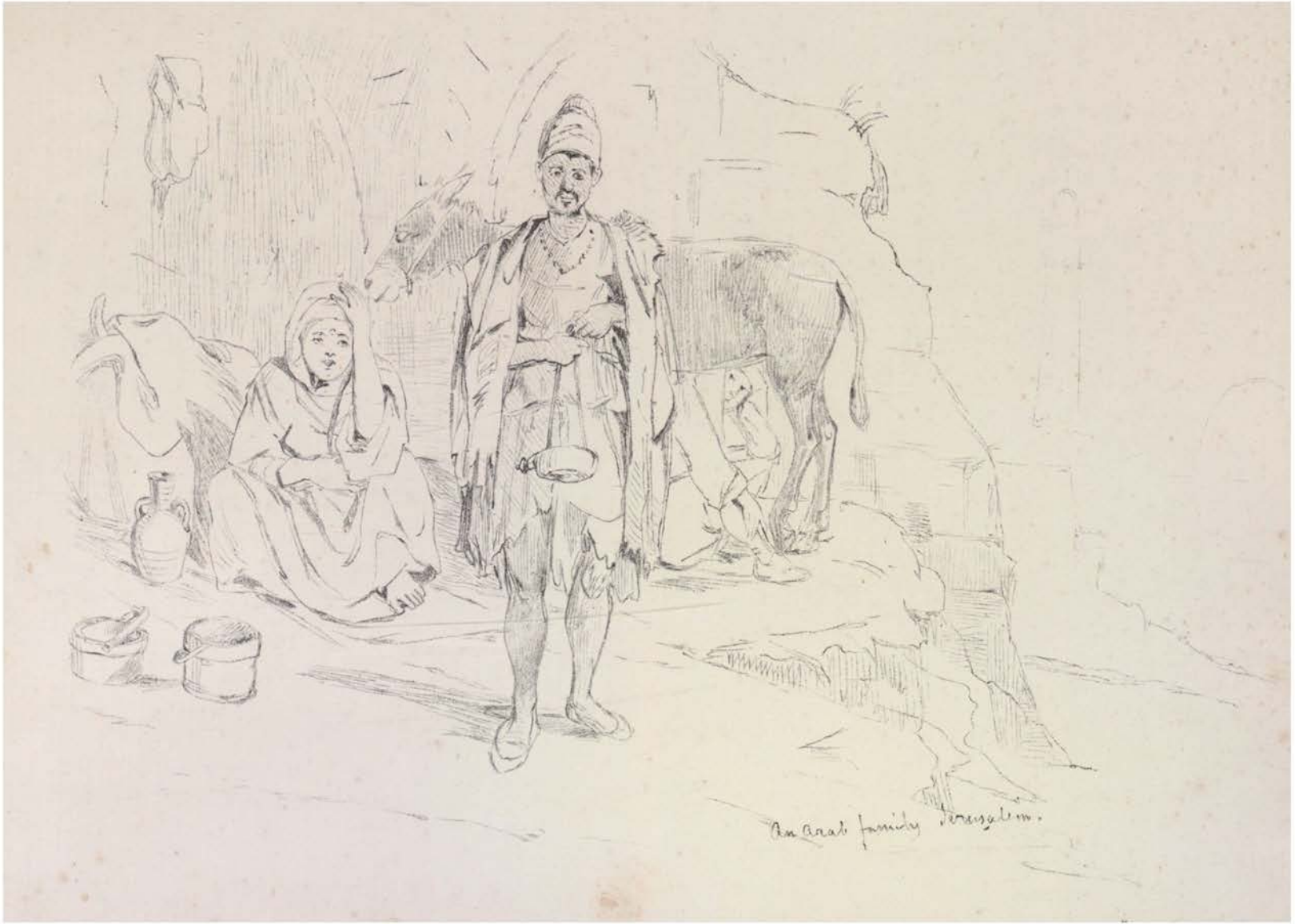
CORNHILL TO CAIRO

CORNHILL TO CAIRO

AS I was going about making sketches, the people would look on very good-humouredly, without offering the least interruption; nay, two or three were quite ready to stand still for such a humble portrait as my pencil could make of them; and the sketch done, it was passed from one person to another, each making his comments, and signifying a very polite approval. . . . With the Arabs outside the walls, however, and the freshly arriving country-people, this politeness was not so much exhibited. There was a certain tattooed girl, with black eyes and huge silver earrings, who formed one of a group of women outside the great convent, whose likeness I longed to carry off; there was a woman with a little child, with wondering eyes, drawing water at a well, in such an attitude and dress as Rebecca may have had when Isaac's lieutenant asked her for drink: both of these parties standing still for half a minute, at the next cried out for backsheesh; and not content with the five piastres which I gave them individually, screamed out for more, and summoned their friends, who screamed out backsheesh too. I was pursued into the convent by a dozen howling women calling for pay, barring the door against them, to the astonishment of the worthy papa who kept it. . . .

I have seen only in Titian's pictures those magnificent purple shadows in which the hills round about lay, as the dawn rose faintly behind them; and we looked at Olivet for the last time from our terrace, where we were awaiting the arrival of the horses that were to carry us to Jaffa. A yellow moon was still blazing in the midst of countless brilliant stars overhead; the nakedness and misery of the surrounding city were hidden in that beautiful rosy atmosphere of mingling night and dawn. The city never looked so noble; the mosques, domes, and minarets rising up into the calm star-lit sky.

By the gate of Bethlehem there stands one palm-tree, and a house with three domes. Put these and the huge old Gothic gate as a background dark against the yellowing eastern sky: the foreground is a deep gray: as you look into it dark forms of horsemen come out of the twilight: now there come lanterns, more horsemen, a litter with mules, a crowd of Arab horseboys and dealers accompanying their beasts to the gate; all the members of our party come up by twos and threes; and, at last, the great gate opens just before sunrise, and we get into the gray plains.—*Cornhill to Cairo.*


An Arab family Jerusalem.

THE MESMERIZER

THE MESMERIZER

THIS seems a vague foreshadowing dream of Becky and her future. It is one of the earlier drawings, and belongs to the time when she first came into existence.

THE MESMERIZER

VANITY FAIR

VANITY FAIR

So well did he drum in that battle,
  That the enemy showed us their backs;
Corbleu, it was pleasant to rattle
  The sticks, and to follow Old Saxe.

I DO not know whether this little drummer followed the fortunes of the hero of the 'Chronicle of the Drum,' which was one of the first poems my Father ever published. It was written in Paris, about 1841. I can just remember the snow upon the ground, and a room opening upon a garden in the Champs Elysées where he used to write. He has since told me that he wrote a great part of 'Vanity Fair' at that time.

The pencil sketch for the cover is very slight, but it may be thought not the less interesting because the few pencil lines are among the first that went to build the city his fancy founded and peopled, and named by the well-known name.

VANITY FAIR

STORY I.

SIR PITT CRAWLEY

SIR PITT CRAWLEY

I.

HERE is Sir Pitt Crawley shouldering the Governess's box The drawing is from a plate that was never quite finished; it is a drawing of the only character in 'Vanity Fair' that was actually taken from real life.

II.

LADY HIGHDRY.

Lady Highdry must have been a design for the 'Kickleburys on the Rhine,' but the book was published, and her Ladyship was omitted.

You will remark my dear Lady Highdry, that the match was decidedly against my inclinations — You conceive that 2000 a year is but a poor pittance for my darling Emily. but Charles was a friend of Kickleburys most intimate friend at Christchurch, I assure you it was not couldn't be true to commit suicide that my sweet girl was induced to relent Lady Highdry. How very romantic. Vraiment vous êtes Souper - ma chere petite Chieve.

MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN

MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN

IN the Hall, at Mrs. Perkins's Ball, there is a Gentleman in pumps, who is taking off his clogs, and preparing to pull on his gloves. I do not know whether this drawing may not recall Mr. Frederick Minchin in the vivacity of early youth, before he had attained to that quiet dignity for which he was afterwards remarkable.

BARBAZURE

BARBAZURE

'IS there no pity, Sir?' asked the Chaplain who had attended her.

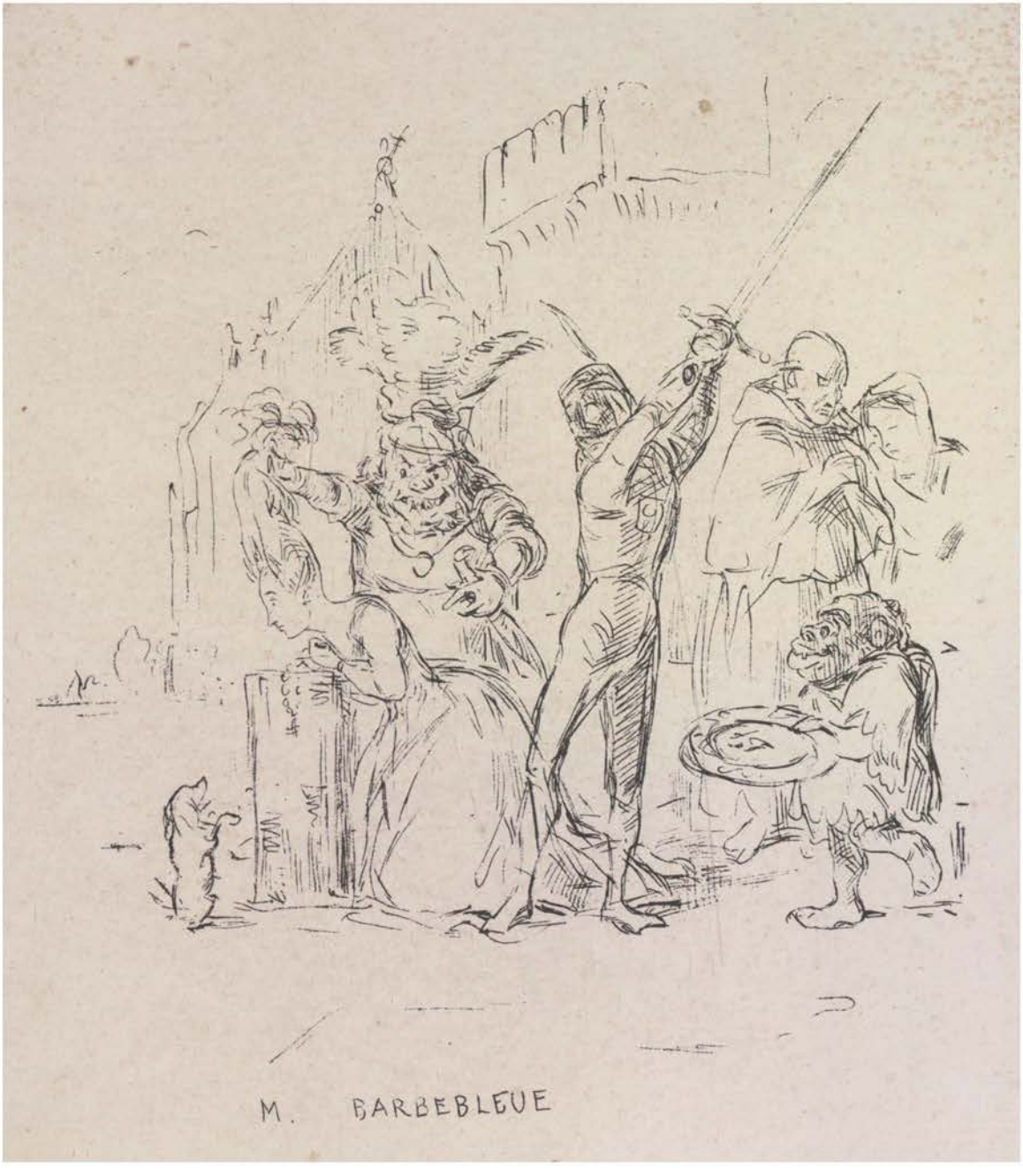
'No pity,' echoed the weeping servant-maid.

'Did I not say I would die for my lord?' said the gentle lady, and placed herself at the block.

Sir Raoul de Barbazure seized upon the long ringlets of her raven hair. 'Now,' shouted he to the executioner, with a stamp of his foot, 'Now strike!'

The man (who knew his trade) advanced at once, and poised himself to deliver the blow; and making his flashing sword sing in the air, with one irresistible rapid stroke it sheared clean off the head of the furious, the blood-thirsty, the implacable Baron de Barbazure.

Thus he fell a victim to his own jealousy; and the agitation of the Lady Fatima may be imagined, when the executioner, flinging off his mask, knelt gracefully at her feet, and revealed to her the well-known features of Romané de Clos-Vougeot. — See *Punch's Prize Novelists.*



M. BARBEBLEUE

AUTHORS' MISERIES

AUTHORS' MISERIES

PUNCH, vol. xv. p. 298. AUTHORS' MISERIES, No. IV.

Old Gentleman, Miss Wiggetts (Two Authors).

OLD GENTLEMAN.—I am sorry to see you so occupied, my dear Miss Wiggetts, with that trivial paper, 'Punch.' A railway is not a place, in my opinion, for jokes. Never joke—never.

Miss W.—So I should think, Sir.

Old Gentleman.—And besides, are you aware who are the conductors of that paper; and that they are Chartists, Deists, Atheists, Anarchists, and Socialists to a man? I have it from the best authority that they meet together once a week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous Print. The chief part of their income is derived from Threatening Letters, which they send to the Nobility and Gentry. The principal writer is a returned convict. Two have been tried at the Old Bailey, and their artist—as for their artist—— . . .

Guard.—Swin-dun Sta-tion!

[*Exeunt Authors.*

Something of this sort really did occur one day when my Father was coming back with Mr. Douglas Jerrold in a railway carriage.

GORE HOUSE.

Trap and ball have been croqueted away, and croquet is in turn rolling off disconsolate, since certain fine summer afternoons a great many years ago, when some young people used to play at their innocent games, and sit under the trees in the gardens of Gore House. On one occasion the Miss Coles, the owners of the trap, sent a formal invitation, to which came an answer.

36 Onslow Sq. S.W.

Saturday. 28 May.

Mr. Thackeray presents his compliments to the Council, Secretary, Treasurer, and Members of the Trap Club, and, in reply to their obliging invitation, has the honor of saying that he most heartily wishes they may catch him.

HO, PRETTY PAGE!

HO, PRETTY PAGE!

ONE of these drawings belongs to 'The Rose and the Ring,' but it was never published. The other seems to be a verse out of Wamba's Song in 'Rebecca and Rowena.'

THE ROSE AND THE RING

THE ROSE AND THE RING

ONE year at Rome, when we were living in an old palace over a pastrycook's shop, we used sometimes to ask little Pen Browning and the neighbouring children in, to tea and tarts; and once (it was about Twelfth Night-time) we tried in vain to find some Twelfth-Night Pictures to give them. When we told our Father, he began to draw the King and the Queen for us, and the Prince and the Princess. This was the beginning of the 'Rose and the Ring.' One little maiden was very ill in those days with some horrible fever. My Father, who used often to go and see her, went on with the pictures to amuse her as she lay on her sick bed. I can remember the child starting up eagerly and tossing back her thick hair, and some hand stretching out with the pages. Then he fell ill, and we left Rome; and then our turn came; and this picture I specially remember at Naples one morning when the hungry Lions came roaring in through the sunshine to the sick room. The whole MS. of the 'Rose and the Ring' is fortunately complete with all its pictures. Many people may remember Mr. Locker's pretty poem concerning it.

She was brought out in her night-gown with all her beautiful long brown hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the beefeaters and keepers of the wild animals wept plentifully at seeing her. And she walked with her poor little bare feet (only lately the arena was covered with sawdust) and went and leaned up against a great stone in the centre of the amphitheatre, round which the Court and the people were seated in boxes with bars before them for fear of the great fierce red-maned black-muzzled long-tailed roaring bellowing rushing lions.

Until now the gates were opened & with a Wurrawurrawarawa! two great lean hungry roaring lions rushed

out of their den where they had been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast and water, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting! Commend her to your patron Saints all you kind people for she is in a dreadful state.

There was a hum and a buzz all through the Circus and the fierce King Padella even felt a little compassion. But Count Hoggiarmo seated by his Majesty roared out Hooray now for it Soo-soo-soo! - That nobleman being so uncommonly angry still at Rosalba's refusal of him.

But O strange event! O remarkable circumstance! O extraordinary coincidence! tho I am sure none of you could by any possibility have divined! When the lions came up to Rosalba - instead of devouring her with their great teeth it was with kisses they gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet, they nuzzled their noses in her lap - they nodd they seemed to say dear dear Sister does you recollect

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

THESE two sketches are the only illustrations my Father attempted for 'The Newcomes.' They were both intended for the first number, and were adopted by Mr. Doyle and redrawn by him. The first is called 'An Earthly Paradise;' the second represents Colonel Newcome indignantly walking away with his Clive from Captain Costigan's song.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *répertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the Colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree. 'Silence!' he roared out.

'Hear, hear!' cried certain wags at a farther table. 'Go on, Costigan!' said others.

'Go on!' cries the Colonel, in his high voice, trembling with anger. 'Does any gentleman say "Go on?" Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say "Go on" to such disgusting ribaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down amongst Christians and men of honour, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash?'

'Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?' cries a voice of the malcontents.

'Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen,' cried out the indignant Colonel. 'Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonour, drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir!—Curse the change!' says the Colonel, facing the amazed waiter. 'Keep it till you see me in this place again; which will be never—by George, never!' And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

The Newcomes.

NOTE-BOOK

NOTE-BOOK

THESE are drawings from one of the Note-books in which my Father used to mark the facts which were of use to him afterwards in his work.

Kilmarnock
Cromarty
Gen^l Gardner
Balmerino

BREAKFAST-TIME

BREAKFAST-TIME

THERE is a Roundabout Paper 'On a Lazy Idle Boy,' which this picture recalls. But as a copy it scarcely does justice to the original, which is very sweetly and delicately touched, and in which you somehow feel the tranquillity of the summer's day, the silence, the peaceful dreams floating on. There is another summer shining upon that hedgerow, and some long-forgotten morning light is streaming on the breakfast-table in the window.

HOME KEEPERS AND VAGRANTS

HOME KEEPERS AND VAGRANTS

THIS might be the picture of a certain small neighbour of ours, who has come to inhabit a city which was not even founded when this happy little picture was drawn, of two generations very comfortable together in the corner of a sofa, and looking not unlike generations now. The City of South Kensington has risen from the cabbage-fields since then; the little children have grown up into the men and women who build and inhabit these streets and palaces.

One is apt to wonder whether children never grow up, but are always children; whether men and women remain placidly unaltered from century to century, in those tranquil old country places where new times do not exist, where progress is not, where new houses do not rise, and the trees overshadow the ancient gables, where year by year the ivy spreads and spreads, and the stocks stand waiting for the vagrants meandering along the sleepy road. Here are some Stocks, and the little Vagrant peeping through the hole at my Father as he made his sketch.

La mère et l'enfant se portent bien

Lyadhurst

BERNE

BERNE

'Lucerne, Monday.

'WE are in love with Berne. We agree that we should like to finish our lives there. It is so homely, charming, and beautiful, without knowing it; whereas this place gives itself the airs of a beauty, and offends me somehow.' . . .

[*Extract from a Letter to Mrs. Brookfield.*

Berne

AMERICAN SKETCHES

New York, September 5, 1848.

DEAR MADAM,—It seems to me a long time since I had the honour of seeing you. I should be glad to have some account of your health. We made a beautiful voyage of thirteen days and a half, and reached this fine city yesterday. The entrance of the Bay is beautiful; the magnificent woods of the Susquehannah stretch down to the shore, and from Hoboken Lighthouse to Vancouver's Island the Bay presents one brilliant blaze of natural and commercial loveliness. Hearing that Titmarsh was on board the steamer, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of New York came down to receive us, and the batteries on Long Island fired a salute. General Jackson called at my hotel. I found him a kind old man, though he has a wooden leg and takes a great deal of snuff. Broadway has certainly disappointed me; it is nothing to be compared to our own dear Holborn Hill. But the beautiful range of the Alleyghanny Mountains, which I see from my windows, and the roar of the Niagara Cataract, which empties itself out of the Mississippi into the Oregon territory, have an effect which your fine eye for the Picturesque, and keen sense of the Beautiful and the Natural, would, I am sure, lead you to appreciate. The Oysters here are much larger than ours, and the canvas-backed Ducks are reckoned, and indeed are, a delicacy. The house where Washington was born is still shown, but the General, I am informed, is dead and much regretted. The Clergy here are both numerous and respected, and the Archbishop of New York is a most venerable and delightful prelate, whose sermons are,

however, a little long. The ladies are without exception the——. But here the first gong sounds for dinner, and the black slave who waits on me comes up and says, 'Massa! hab only five minutes for dinnah! Make haste. Get no pumpkin-pie else.' So unwillingly I am obliged to break off my note, and to subscribe myself,

My dear Madam,

Your very faithful Servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

(This description seems from internal evidence to have been written before my Father's visit to America.)

Baltimore, January 13, 1856.

'Since then I've been trying to draw the old negro who waited at dinner yesterday—first drawing I've tried since who knows when; and now shan't I go upstairs and read them Cicero letters!'

We think this must be the very old negro himself, not the problematic pumpkin-pie negro. His portrait belongs to the daughter of the lady to whom the accurate description of America was sent, which is quoted above. The somewhat incongruous Warrior in the Periwig down below is George the Second at the battle of Dettingen.

'His Britannic Majesty's horse (one of those five hundred fine animals) did, it is certain, at last dangerously run away with him, upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback in the earlier stages, galloping about to look with his own eyes, could they have availed him, and was heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the English language. 'Steady, my boys! fire, my brave boys! give them fire and they will soon run!' Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stands, and to our imagination may fitly stand, throughout in the above attitude of lunge, no fear in him and no plan—*sans peur et sans avis*, as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England, like England itself and its ways, in those German wars.'—CARLYLE, *History of Frederick the Great*, vol. iii. Battle of Dettingen.

MR. JONES'S WASHING

MR. JONES'S WASHING

I.

I THINK that we still sometimes see apparatus as ingenious contrived with equal success, to bring about results not less important. The old French proverb about linen and washing at home will certainly not apply to Mr. Jones's shirts.

II.

My Father once took us to see a delightful thrilling Melodrama, founded upon Miss Braddon's novel of 'Aurora Floyd.' England was represented from a patriarchal and musical point of view. The little Jockeys came singing and beating time with their whips in the Squire's drawing-room, and were present at all the family explanations. The neighbouring peasant maidens are here portrayed at their sports.

III.

A King rules in his Cipher Kingdom; a lover and his lass whisper in their charmed circle (which takes the shape of a D).

IV.

Here are two sketches. They are not portraits, and they are not all imagination.

Amelia by the fire-place has daughters of her own now, not unlike what she was then.

Ingenious apparatus for bringing home Mr. Sonnélinn from the w

Hop feast and dance of peasant girls in the neighbourhood of Beckenbarrow

Paris. Le Secret de Mlle Aurore.

CITY! CITY!

CITY! CITY!

THIS is from a sepia drawing, which has been very accurately copied here. Some of the faces have been left unfinished, especially that one looking from inside the Omnibus and noticing the friendly Conductor's paternal humour.

Scene Knightsbridge

Cad. Now Bill. Hask the gents velher theyze a goin to the Mansion Ouse

Bill. Stee! Stee!

PLAYING-CARDS

PLAYING-CARDS

I.

N Assyrian bas-relief and battle-scene. See Herodotus.

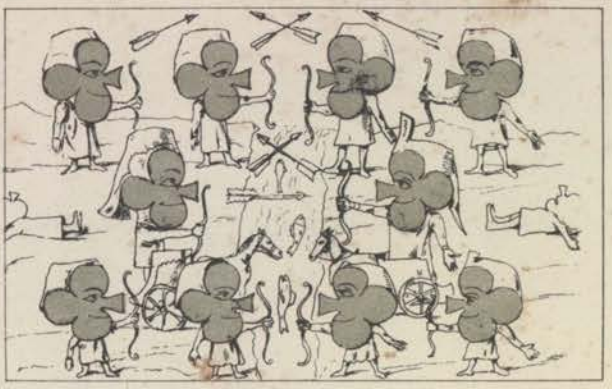
II. AND III.

American *notes* and reminiscences.

IV.

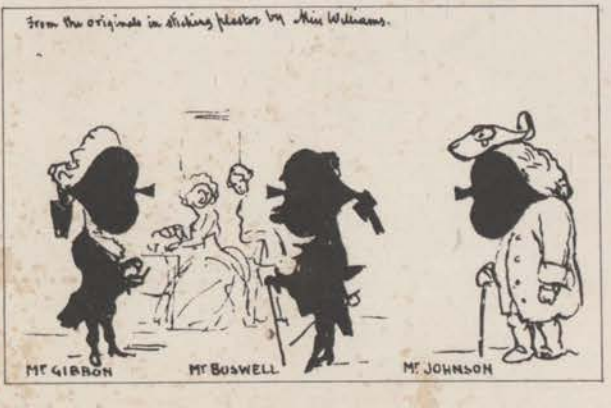
MR. GIBBON, MR. BOSWELL, MR. JOHNSON.

The Playing-Cards were originally intended to form a completed pack, but only a certain number were ever finished. They amused my Father very much at the time he drew them. He was specially pleased with the likeness to Mr. Gibbon which he discovered in the three of spades. I think this is almost the trump card of the whole hand as it is dealt out here.



"A Battle Scene"

"Lubly Lucy Neal"



CLUBS AND CROZIERS

CLUBS AND CROZIERS

I.

THIS three of clubs represents Marlborough at the Battle of Malplaquet.

II.

HENRY IV., PART II., ACT IV., SCENE IV.

P. Hen.—I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen.—Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

III.

We have a poem in my Father's handwriting which seems applicable here :—

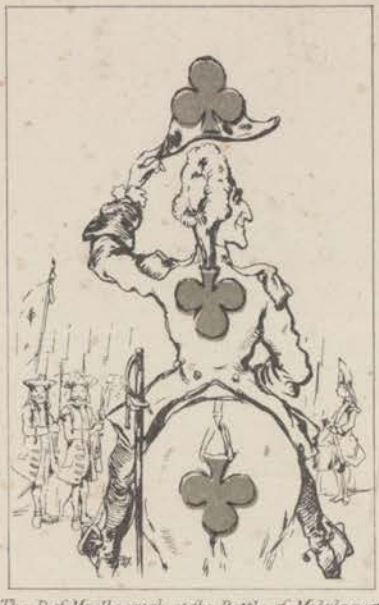
The apes of Brazils,
When afflicted with ills,
Retire to the Hills.

IV.

MACBETH, ACT I., SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

Happily St. Augustin, with his crozier, is not St. Patrick. He has not quite exorcised witches out of the country, nor have the contents of their caldron suffered as yet.



The D. of Marlborough at the Battle of Malplaquet.

Thy wish was father Harry, to that thought

The Apes of Brazil

SHAKSPEARE, BYRON

MISS SMITH

&c.

SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, MISS SMITH, &c.

I.

MACBETH, Act I., Scene III.

MACBETH.—Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you!
[*Witches vanish.*

This might be Macready himself in the character of Macbeth. Banquo follows the retreating witches with a timid glance. The caldron, the bellows, and Macbeth's little dog, give great reality to the awful scene. Observe the thistle of Scotland sprouting from the heath.

II.

IN MY COTTAGE.

Captain Brown's admiration for Miss Smith's performance needs no comment.

III.

. . . now will I to my couch, altho' to rest
Is almost wronging such a night as this . . .

. . . all is gentle: nought
Stirs rudely but congenial with the night;
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress.
. . . the dark
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas.

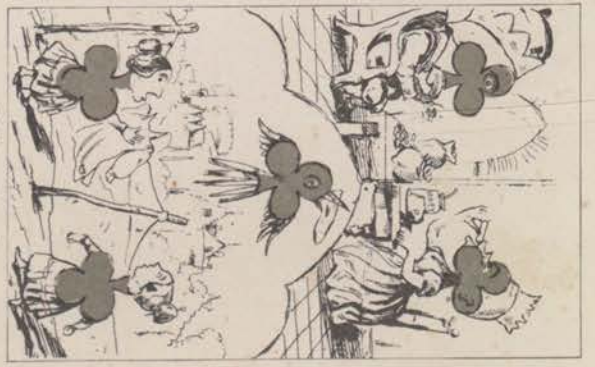
Byron, *Marino Faliero.*

IV.

The King is counting his money, the Queen is lunching in the parlour, the audacious Blackbird is in the very act of flying away with the Laundry-maid's nose. . . .

Lubly Lucy Neal
The Black Hose & the opposite Blue make you look as Cross
View of the Grand Canal, Venice & two Byronic Gondolas

"On the Grand Canal"



'A King &c &c

Captain Brown expressing his delight to Mrs Smith at Miss Smith's admirable performance of 'In my cottage near a wood.'
(back view of Miss Smith)

LIST, LIST, O LIST!

LIST, LIST, O LIST!

I.

DR. BIRCH'S ESTABLISHMENT.

HERE is a tragic episode from Dr. Birch's well-known establishment; sitting above is the intellectual first form absorbed in its studies, down below are *the boys who go up next.* John the footman seems accustomed to his duties, and the Doctor is distinguishing himself with all the generous energy which belongs to the high calling he pursues, and to the spirited system by which youth is led to love literature and to respect those who are set in authority.

II.

HAMLET, ACT I., SCENE II.

Ham.—Pale or red?
Hor.—Nay, very pale.
Ham.—And fixed his eyes on you?
Hor.—Most constantly.

III.

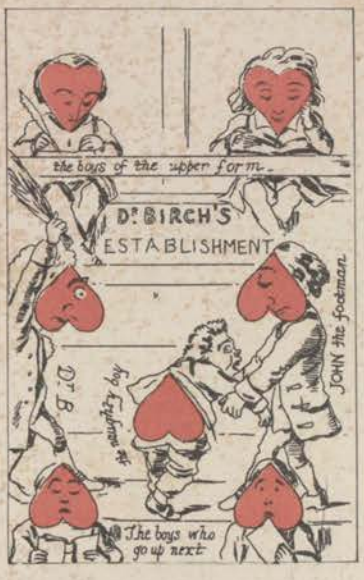
MAZOURKA.

The music still plays as my Father heard it, and the little Polish men almost stamp out of the paper.

IV.

HUSH!

. . . . The Red Indians, on the contrary, are advancing with the most extraordinary precautions. 'Are those Indians and warriors so terrible as our Indians and warriors were?' says one of the 'Roundabout Papers.' These Indians are doubtless of a tribe belonging to the prairies of my Father's favourite Leather Stocking.



Hamlet - Pale or Red?

LA RAISON DU PLUS FORT

LA RAISON DU PLUS FORT

I.

THE BATTLE OF OLTENITZA.

PLEASE to observe Omar Pacha and his Staff taking observations from the neighbouring heights.

II.

THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

The Lady look'd ower the Castle wa',
And oh! she sighed sairly
When she saw Argyll and a' his men
Come to plunder the bonny House o' Airlie.

'Come doun to me,' said proud Argyll,
'Come doun and kiss me fairly,
Or I swear by the sword I hold in my hand
I winna leave a stanin stane in Airlie.'

'I'll no come down, ye proud Argyll,
Until ye speak mair fairly,
Tho' ye swear by the sword ye hold in your hand
Ye winna leave a stanin stane in Airlie.

'Had my ain gudeman been at his hame,*
But he's awa' wi' Charlie,
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyll
Dare have trod a foot on the bonnie green o' Airlie.'. . . .

III.

The readers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will recognise a scene out of that celebrated book. Little Eva is in the corner turning away in tears.

IV.

PIROUETTE.

V.

My Father once said that one of the achievements in life which had given him most unalloyed satisfaction was the introduction of Napoleon's waistcoat, as it appears in this battle scene, surrounded by the weather-beaten faces of the Old Guard.

* July, 1640: Lord Airlie being away with Charles I., and Lord Ogilvy imprisoned in the dungeon of St. Andrews.

Battle of Ojenitze

AIRLIE CASTLE

Old Ballad

N.B. Little Eva is crying in the corner

Grand battle Scene – Napoleon in the midst of the old Guard

CONCLUSION

THERE is a sentence in a notice which was written by my Father for a book called the 'Landscape Painters of England.' It is only one among the many things which he has written of others that have been spoken perhaps from experience.

'All through this painter's life,' he says, speaking of Stanfield, 'his industry and his genius have been alike remarkable, and it is curious to note in his performances of the present time how the carefulness of the artist seems to increase with his skill, as if this conscientious man were bent each day upon improving, on elaborating and polishing his works, on approaching more nearly to nature. Does not such a progress tell of more than mere talent?—of honesty, of modesty; of faithful and cheerful labour, of constant love for truth. It seems to me that the pictures of some artists tell of these things, and that these are amongst the precious qualities which go to make a painter.'

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Observer Research Foundation
on 22 February, 2019